

# DEFOE DANIEL

THE

TRUE-BORN

ENGLISHMAN

**Daniel Defoe**  
**The True-Born Englishman**

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*An American Robinson Crusoe:*

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# **Samuel B. Allison**

## **An American**

### **Robinson Crusoe**

#### **PREFATORY NOTE**

"An American Robinson Crusoe" is the outcome of many years of experience with the story in the early grades of elementary schools. It was written to be used as a content in giving a knowledge of the beginning and development of human progress. The aim is not just to furnish an interesting narrative, but one that is true to the course of human development and the scientific and geographical facts of the island on which Robinson is supposed to have lived.

The excuse for departing so widely from the original story is to be found in the use which was desired to be made of it. The story here presented is simply the free adaptation of the original narrative to the demand for a specific kind of content in a form which would be interesting to the children.

The teacher is and should be justified in using with entire freedom any material accessible for the ends of instruction.

The text as here given has been published with an introduction and suggestive treatments as a Teacher's Manual for Primary

Grades – "The Teacher's Robinson Crusoe." Explicit directions and ample suggestions are made for the use of the story as material for instruction in all the language arts, drawing, social history, and the manual arts.

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# I

## ROBINSON WITH HIS PARENTS

There once lived in the city of New York, a boy by the name of Robinson Crusoe. He had a pleasant home. His father and mother were kind to him and sent him to school. They hoped that he would study hard and grow up to be a wise and useful man, but he loved rather to run idle about the street than to go to school. He was fond of playing along the River Hudson, for he there saw the great ships come and go. They were as big as houses. He watched them load and unload their cargoes and hundreds of people get off and on. His father had told him that the ships came from far distant lands, where lived many large animals and black men. His father told him too, that in these faraway countries the nuts on the trees grew to be as large as one's head and that the trees were as high as church steeples.

When Robinson saw the ships put out to sea, he would watch them till they would disappear below the horizon far out in the ocean, and think, "Oh, if I could only go with them far away to see those strange countries!" Thus he would linger along the great river and wish he might find an opportunity of making a voyage. Often it would be dark before he would get home. When he came into the house his mother would meet him and say in a gentle voice, "Why, Robinson, how late you are in getting home!"

You have been to the river again."

Then Robinson would hang his head and feel deeply ashamed, and when his father, who was a merchant, came home from the store, his mother would tell him that Robinson had again been truant.

This would grieve his father deeply and he would go to the boy's bedside and talk earnestly with him. "Why do you do so?" he would say. "How often have I told you to go to school every day?" This would for a time win Robinson back to school, but by the next week it had been forgotten and he would again be loitering along the river in spite of his father's remonstrances.

## II

# ROBINSON AS AN APPRENTICE

In this way one year after another slipped by. Robinson was not more diligent. He was now almost sixteen years old and had not learned anything. Then came his birthday. In the afternoon his father called him into his room. Robinson opened the door softly. There sat his father with a sad face. He looked up and said, "Well, Robinson, all your schoolmates have long been busy trying to learn something, so that they may be able to earn their own living. Paul will be a baker, Robert a butcher, Martin is learning to be a carpenter, Herman a tailor, Otto a blacksmith, Fritz is going to high school, because he is going to be a teacher. Now, you are still doing nothing. This will not do. From this time on I wish you to think of becoming a merchant. In the morning you will go with me to the store and begin work. If you are attentive and skillful, when the time comes you can take up my business and carry it on. But if you remain careless and continue to idle about, no one will ever want you and you must starve because you will never be able to earn a living."

So the next morning Robinson went to the store and began work. He wrapped up sugar and coffee, he weighed out rice and beans. He sold meal and salt, and when the dray wagon pulled up at the store, loaded with new goods, he sprang out quickly and

helped to unload it. He carried in sacks of flour and chests of tea, and rolled in barrels of coffee and molasses. He also worked some at the desk. He looked into the account books and saw in neat writing, "Goods received" and "Goods sold." He noticed how his father wrote letters and reckoned up his accounts. He even took his pen in hand and put the addresses on the letters and packages as well as he could.

But soon he was back in his careless habits. He was no longer attentive to business. He wrapped up salt instead of sugar. He put false weights on the scales. He gave some too much and others too little. His hands, only, were in the business, his mind was far away on the ocean with the ships. When he helped unload the wagons, he would often let the chests and casks drop, so that they were broken and their contents would run out on the ground. For he was always thinking, "Where have these casks come from and how beautiful it must be there!" And many times packages came back because Robinson had written the name of the place or the country wrong. For when he was writing the address, he was always thinking, "You will be laid upon a wagon and will then go into the ship." One day he had to write a letter to a man far over the sea. He could stand it no longer. His father had gone out. He threw down the pen, picked up his hat and ran out to the Hudson to see the ships, and from that time on he spent more time loitering along the river than he did in the store.

### III

## ROBINSON'S DEPARTURE

Robinson's father soon noticed that his son was no longer attending to his work, and one morning sent for him to come to his office. When Robinson came in his father arose from his chair and looked him long and earnestly in the face. Then he said, "I am very sorry, Robinson, that you seem determined to continue your evil ways. If you do not do better you will grow up to be a beggar or worse." Robinson cast his eyes down and said, "I do not want to be a merchant, I would rather sail in a ship around the world." His father answered, "If you do not know anything you cannot be of use on a ship, and no one will want you. In a strange land you cannot live without working. If you run away from your parents you will come to be sorry for it." Robinson wept, for he saw that his father was right, and he promised to obey.

After two or three weeks, Robinson went to his mother and said, "Mother, won't you go to father and tell him that if he will only let me take one voyage and it proves to be unpleasant, I will come back to the store and work hard?" But the mother cried. With tears in her eyes, she said: "Robinson, your brothers are both dead. You are the only child left to us and if you go away, we shall be entirely alone. How easy it would be to be drowned in the sea, or torn to pieces by wild animals away there in a foreign

country. Both your father and myself are getting along in years and who will take care of us when we are sick? Do not cause us the grief we must suffer if you go away so far amid so many dangers. I cannot bear to have you speak of it again."

Robinson did not speak of it again, but he did not forget it. He was nineteen years old. It was one day in August that Robinson stood at the wharf looking longingly after the departing ships. As he stood there, someone touched him on the shoulder. It was a ship captain's son. He pointed to a long ship and said, "My father sails to-day in that ship for Africa and takes me with him."

"Oh, if I could only go with you!" cried Robinson.

"Do come along," cried his comrade.

"But I have no money," said Robinson.

"That doesn't make any difference," returned the captain's son. "We will take you anyway."

Robinson, without thinking for a moment, gave his friend his hand and promised to go with him.

So without saying "Good-bye" to his parents, Robinson went immediately on board the ship with his friend. This happened on the 10th of August.

# IV

## ROBINSON FAR FROM HOME ROBINSON'S VOYAGE

Once on board, Robinson watched the preparations for departure. At command the sailors clambered up into the rigging and loosened the sails. Then the captain from his bridge called out, "Hoist the anchor!" Then the great iron hooks that held the ship fast were lifted up, a cannon sounded a final farewell. Robinson stood on the deck. He saw the great city shimmer in the sunshine before him. Very fast now the land was being left behind. It was not long until all that could be seen of his native city was the tops of the highest towers. Then all faded from sight. Behind, in front, right and left, he saw nothing but waters.

He became a little afraid. At noon there arose a strong wind and the ship rocked to and fro. He became dizzy and had to hold fast to something. The masts and rigging began to dance. It seemed to him as if all was turning around. Suddenly he fell full length on the deck and it was impossible for him to get up. He was seasick. He wailed and cried, but no one heard him, no one helped him. Then he thought of his home, his parents whom he had so ungratefully left.

He had been on the water about two weeks when one day as he lay in his room, Robinson heard people over his head running

about and crying, "A storm is coming!" The ship's sides trembled and creaked. The ship was tossed like a nutshell. Now it rolled to the right, now to the left. And Robinson was thrown from one side to the other. Every moment he expected the ship to sink. He turned pale and trembled with fear. "Ah, if I were only at home with my parents, safe on the land," he said. "If I ever get safe out of this, I will go home as quickly as I can and stay with my dear parents!" The storm raged the whole day and the whole night. But on the next morning the wind went down and the sea was calm. By evening the sky was clear and Robinson was again cheerful. He ran about the ship. He looked at the glittering stars and was contented and happy.

# V

## THE SHIPWRECK

Several weeks went by. Robinson had long ago forgotten his resolutions to return home. It was very hot. The glowing sun beat down upon the ship. The wide surface of the sea glistened. No breeze stirred. The sails hung loose on the top of the mast. But far away on the shore could be seen a black bank of clouds.

All at once the ship was thrown violently to one side by a fierce gust of wind. Robinson threw himself on the deck. The sea began to rise and fall. The waves were as high as mountains. Now the ship was borne aloft to the skies, and now it would seem that it must be overwhelmed in the sea. When it sank down between the great waves of water, Robinson thought it would never again rise. The waves beat violently on the ship's side. Robinson went down the steps into his little room, but he came back full of anxiety. He believed every minute he would meet death in the waves. The night at last came on. The lightning flashed. The storm howled. The ship trembled. The water roared. So the night wore on. The storm raged for six days. Then on the seventh day it was somewhat abated. But the hope was soon dashed. The storm had abated but to get new strength. Suddenly it bore down with frightful power on the doomed vessel, struck it, and shot it like an arrow through the water. Then Robinson felt a fearful crash.

The ship groaned as if it would fall into a thousand pieces. It had struck a rock and there held fast. At the same moment the sailors raised the cry, "The ship has sprung a leak!" The water surged into the ship. All called for help. Each one thought only of himself. There was only one boat. The others had all been torn away. It was soon let down into the sea. All sprang in. For a moment the sailors forgot the waves, but all at once a wave, mountains high, struck the boat and swallowed it up. Robinson shut his eyes. The water roared in his ears. He sank into the sea.

## VI

# ROBINSON SAVED

Robinson was borne down far, far into the ocean. He attempted to work himself up, so that he could see light and breathe the air. But again and again the waves carried him down. Finally a wave threw him up and he saw, for a moment, the light of day and got a breath of air, but the next instant he was deep under the water. Then another wave bore him on its crest. He breathed a deep breath and at the same time saw land not far away. He bent all his strength toward reaching the land. He got almost to it, when a wave caught him and hurled him on a jutting rock. With all his strength he seized the rock with both hands and held on.

Presently he worked himself up a little and at last got a foothold. But, scarcely had he done so, when his strength left him and he fell on the ground as one dead. But he soon revived. He opened his eyes and looked around. He saw above him the blue sky, and under him the solid brown earth, and before him the gray angry sea. He felt to see if he still breathed. The storm had destroyed the ship. The waves had overwhelmed the boat. The water wished to draw him into the deep. The rocks seemed to want to hurl him back, but storm and wave and rock had accomplished nothing. There was One who was stronger than

they.

Then Robinson sank on his knees and folded his hands. Tears came to his eyes. He breathed hard. At last he said, "Dear Father in Heaven, I live. Thou hast saved me. I thank Thee."

## VII

# THE FIRST NIGHT ON LAND

"Where are my companions?" That was his first thought. He began to call and halloo: "Where are you?" "Come here!" But no one answered. Then he wished to see if anyone lived on the land, and he cried, "Is there no one here? Hello!" but all remained still.

All at once he drew himself together and shrank back. He heard a bush rustle and the thought came like a flash, "That is a wild animal that will pounce upon me and tear my flesh with his teeth and claws. How shall I save myself? Where shall I fly for safety? Where shall I turn? I have nothing but my clothes and my life saved from the water. All that I had the waves have swallowed up."

And then hunger and thirst began to trouble him. He had eaten nothing the whole day and the salt water had made him sick.

In the meantime the night had come on. Robinson was very tired.

Everything was new and strange. He did not know which way to move.

He was in the greatest terror.

He expected to hear the roar of wild beasts from every secluded spot. Lions and tigers and dreadful serpents filled his thoughts. He must find shelter from them. But where should he

pass the night? Not a house, a hut or a cave was to be seen. He stood a long time hesitating and did not know what to do. Finally he thought, "I will do as the birds do and get into a tree." He very soon found a tree which had such thick branches that it would hold him up.

Robinson climbed up into the tree, made himself as comfortable as possible, said his prayers, and as he was thoroughly exhausted, he soon fell asleep. When he awoke the sun was high in the sky. At first he could not remember where he was. Then the truth burst upon him. He tried to move. He was stiff and sore. His flesh was bruised from being thrown against the rocks and beaten by the waves.

He was dreadfully thirsty. His mouth and throat were dry and parched from the salt water. His tongue was thick and swollen. He said, "I must find some water to drink or I shall die!"

It was hard work to get down from the tree. His limbs and back ached from sitting in the tree all night. At last he slipped down and fell on the ground. He clasped his hands in prayer and thanked God for keeping him through the night.

Then he got up and tried to walk. He was so weak he could not stand.

He threw himself down on the ground and began to sob and cry, "O Lord, do not let me die! Do not let me die!" As he lay there he heard a queer sound. He listened. It sounded like water running over rocks. He tried to get to the place from which the sound came. He tried to walk. When he fell he crawled

on his hands and knees. At last the sound was close by. He dragged himself up on the rocks. Yes, there was a spring of clear, cool, sparkling water bubbling up and trickling over the stones. Robinson was so thirsty he put his face into the water and drank and drank.

Then he sat down, and after a while he drank again and again.

After Robinson had satisfied his thirst and rested awhile, he felt much better. He said, "I must try to walk and see whether I can find something to eat." He found many kinds of fruits and berries all around him, but he was afraid to eat them, as they were strange to him and he feared they might be poisonous.

As he was walking along, all at once he spied a tall plant in the distance which had a familiar look. It looked like corn. He said to himself, "I wonder if it can be corn." At last he came near enough to recognize it. Yes, it was corn. It did not look exactly like the corn that he saw at home, but still he knew it would be safe to eat it. He broke off an ear and eagerly ate the kernels raw. Oh, how good it was! Robinson could not remember anything that tasted half so good.

He ate as much as he wanted and then filled his pockets with ears of corn for his supper. Then he went back to the spring to get another drink.

## VIII

# ROBINSON ON AN ISLAND

After his hunger and thirst were satisfied, Robinson thought he would try to find another dwelling place. "My legs are stiff and sore from sitting so uncomfortably last night, and there is so much danger of falling," he said. "I will climb yonder hill and look around and see on which side the houses are. I will find me a stick to help me on my way."

He broke a stick from a dry bush and climbed up the steep sides of the hill. After a half hour's climb he was on top. What a sight met his eyes! There were no houses, no huts to be seen, no smoke arose from the forest, no field could be seen. Nothing but trees and bush, sand and rock.

"I am then upon an island alone, without food, without shelter, without weapons! What will become of me?" he cried. "I am a prisoner. The island is my prison, the waves are the guards which will not allow me to get away. Will no ship ever come to set me free?"

He stretched his gaze out to the sea till his eyes ached, but he saw no ship.

Robinson came down and seated himself on a stone and considered what he should do. It was not yet noon, yet he feared greatly the next night. "I must find me a better bed," was his first

clear thought.

# IX

## ROBINSON'S SHELTER

Robinson saw at a little distance what seemed to be a cleft or an opening in a huge rock. "If I could only get inside and find room to stay over night. The rock would protect me from rain, from the wind and wild animals better than a tree."

He long sought in vain for a place wide enough to allow him to get into the opening in the rock. He was about to give up, when he seized hold of a branch of a thorn tree growing on the side of the rock. He looked closer and saw that it grew out of the cleft in the rock. He saw, too, that at this point the opening was wider and that he had only to remove the tree in order to get in. "The hole shall be my dwelling," he said. "I must get the thorn tree out so that I can have room."

That was easily said. He had neither axe nor saw, nor knife nor spade. How could he do it? He had nothing but his hands. He tried to pull it out by the roots, but in vain. He wasn't strong enough.

"I must dig it out," said Robinson.

He scratched with his nails, but the earth was too hard. What should he do? He sought a stick with a fork in it and dug in the earth, but it was slow work. Then he found a clamshell. He did better with it, but it was hard work, and Robinson was not used

to hard work. The sweat ran down his face and he had often to stop and rest in the shade. The sun burned so hot and the rock so reflected the heat that he was all but overcome. But he worked on. When evening came, he would sleep in the tree and next morning he would go at it again. On the third day the roots were all laid bare.

But the roots were fast in the clefts of the rock and he could not loosen it, try ever so hard. What would he not have given for an axe, or at least a knife. And yet he had never thought of their value when at home. He attempted to cut one root through with his clam-shell, but the shell crumbled and would not cut the hard wood.

He stood for a long time thinking, not knowing what next to do. He made up his mind that he must have something harder than the shell to cut with. Then he tried a stone with a sharp edge, but soon found he needed another one, however. He found one. Then he set the sharp one on the wood and struck it with the heavy one. In this way he slowly cut the roots in two.

On the fifth day there was yet left one big root, bigger than any of the others. Robinson got up early in the morning. He worked the whole day. Finally it gave a crack and it, too, was broken.

Robinson had only now to remove the loose earth inside the cleft. He found the opening could be made large and roomy. It was choked up with dirt. He dug out enough to allow him room enough to make a place to lie down. "In the future," he thought, "I will take out all the dirt and then I shall be comfortable."

It was then dark and the moon shone bright in the heavens. Robinson gathered a heap of dry grass and made himself a safe bed. But as he lay there he saw the moonbeams shining into his cave. He sprang up. "How easy," he thought, "for wild animals to creep in here upon me."

He crawled out and looked around. Not far from the cave he saw a large flat stone. With great trouble he rolled it to the opening of his cave, but before this the morning began to dawn. He went inside the shelter, seized the stone with both hands and rolled it into the opening till it almost closed it. "I have now a closed home. I can again stretch my legs. Wind and rain cannot get at me, nor wild animals."

## X

# ROBINSON MAKES A HAT

Refreshed and with renewed strength, Robinson awoke late the next morning, but he had a bad headache. The day before the hot tropic sun had beat down on his bare head, as he worked at his cave. He was so busy that he forgot to go into the shade from time to time in order to shield himself from the scorching sunshine. He felt a new need.

"I must make me a hat," said Robinson to himself. "But how?" He had no straw, no thread and no needle. He looked around for a long time, but found nothing. The sun mounted even higher in the heavens, and shone hotter and hotter. He went to seek shelter at last in the deep shade of a nearby tall plant.

As he stood there he examined the plant more carefully. "Out of these leaves," he said, "I might make a hat." He climbed up the short stem of the plant and saw that it had not only leaves as long as himself, but between the leaves were big bunches of long, thin fruit, as thick as three fingers and similar in shape to a cucumber.

He plucked the leaves and fruit and was about to eat some of the fruit when he heard near him a light stir as of some animal. He rolled the leaves and fruit together and hastened back to the cave.

The bananas, for that is what the fruit proved to be, were sweet

and refreshing. After he had eaten enough he set immediately about making his hat. He broke off a couple of reeds. He bent one into a hoop. But the hoop would not hold without thread. Sometimes it was too large and sometimes too small. But it must fit his head. He pulled up grass and bound its ends together, but the grass stalks were not strong enough. He hunted until he found a tree whose inner bark was soft and came out in long fibres. He bound his reed with this. This, too, made the hoop soft so that it did not hurt his head.

When the hoop was ready and fitted to his head he found the banana leaves could not be used. Their veins ran straight out from the midrib. This made them easily torn, and besides, they were too large. They were not the best shape. He saw that leaves about a foot long with broad and tapering points would be best. He saw too, that if the leaves had their veins running parallel with the midrib they would be stronger. He made search and at length found leaves that seemed made for his purpose. They were thick and leathery and tapered from base to apex like a triangle.

He now proceeded with his hat-making. He would take a leaf and lay it on the ground with the base toward him. Then he laid the hoop on the base of the leaf, wrapped it around the hoop and fastened it with thorns. He did the same with the other leaves. The thorns were his pins. At last he pinned the tips of the leaves together at the top and the hat was ready. It looked just like a big cone, but it kept out the heat of the sun.

Robinson now had corn and bananas and when he was thirsty

he drank a handful of water from the spring. He had been now nine days on the island. Every day he looked out on the sea until his eyes ached to see if he might discover a ship.

He could not understand why no ship came his way. "Who knows how long I must wait here?" said he sorrowfully. Then the thought came to him:

"You will not be able to keep track of the days unless you write it down."

# XI

## ROBINSON'S CALENDAR

The matter of keeping track of time puzzled Robinson very much. It was getting more difficult every day to keep it in his memory. He must write down the days as they slip by, but where and how? He had neither pen, ink, nor paper. Should he mark every day with a colored stone on the smooth side of the huge rock wall within whose clefts he had dug out his cave? But the rain would wash off the record and then he would lose all his bearings. Then he thought of the beach, but there the wind and waves would soon also erase it.

He thought a long time. "I must find something," he said to himself on which to keep a record. "I must also know when Sunday is. I must rest one day in the week. Yes, I must find something," he said, "on which to write." And finally he found it. He chose two trees standing near each other and then sought for a small sharp stone, which he could make still sharper by striking it on another. When he had got this pen ready he cut into the bark of one tree:

*Shipwreck, Sunday, 10th of September, 1875.*

He made seven cuts in a row for the seven days in the week. The first cut was longer than the others. This was to represent the Sunday. At sundown every day he made a new cut in the bark.

The other tree he called the month tree. On its stem he was to cut a mark every time his week tree told him a month had passed. But he must be careful, for the months were not of equal length. But he remembered that his teacher had once said in school that the months could be counted on the knuckles and hollows of the hand, in such a way that the long and short months could be found easily and he could tell in this way the number of days in each.

Robinson worked at enlarging his shelter a little every day. He was sorely at loss to find something in which to carry the dirt away from the entrance, or enough so that it would not choke up the opening. A large clam shell was all he could think of at present. He would carry the dirt to the entrance and some distance away, and then throw it. Fortunately the ground sloped away rapidly, so that he needed a kind of platform before his door.

He was careful to open the cleft at some distance above the large opening. For the air was damp and impure in the shelter. But with the opening made high above, fresh air was constantly passing into, and impure air out of, his cave. Light, too, was admitted in this way.

## XII

# ROBINSON MAKES A HUNTING BAG

Several days passed with Robinson's hat-making and his calendar-making and his watching the sea. Every day his corn and bananas became more distasteful to him. And he planned a longer journey about the island to see if something new to eat could be found.

But he considered that if he went a distance from his cave and found something it would really be of little use to him. "I could eat my fill," he said, "but that is all. And by the time I get back to my cave I will again be hungry. I must find something in which I can gather and carry food." He found nothing.

"The people in New York," he said, "have baskets, or pockets, or bags made of coarse cloth. Of them all, I could most easily make the net, perhaps, of vines. But the little things would fall out of the net. I will see whether I can make a net of small meshes."

But he soon saw that the vines did not give a smooth surface. He thought for a long while. In his garden at home his father had sometimes bound up the young trees with the soft inner bark of others. He wondered if he could use this. He stripped away the outer bark from the tree, which before had yielded him a fibre for his hat, and pulled off the long, smooth pieces of the inner

bark. He twisted them together. Then he thought how he could weave the strands together. He looked at his shirt. A piece was torn off and unravelled. He could see the threads go up and down. He saw that some threads go from left to right (woof), others lengthwise (the warp).

From his study of the woven cloth, Robinson saw he must have a firmer thread than the strips of bark gave alone. He separated his bark into long, thin strips. These he twisted into strands or yarn by rolling between his hands, or on a smooth surface. As he twisted it he wound it on a stick. It was slow, hard work. Of all his work, the making of yarn or thread gave him the most trouble. He learned to twist it by knotting the thread around the spindle or bobbin on which he wound it and twirling this in the air. He remembered sadly the old spinning wheel we had seen at his grandmother's house.

His next care was something to hold the threads while he wove them in and out. He had never seen a loom.

After long study Robinson set two posts in the ground and these he bound with seventy-two strands horizontally under each other. Then he tied in the top at the left another thread and wove it in and out through the seventy-two threads. So he tied seventy-two vertical strands and wove them in and out. Thus he had a net three times as long as his foot and as wide as long. He tied the four corners together. He made a woven handle for it and put it on his shoulder like a sack, saying gleefully, "This shall be my hunting bag."

# XIII

## ROBINSON EXPLORES THE ISLAND

After Robinson made his hunting bag he was anxious to set off on his journey of exploring the island. So he arose very early next morning. "Before it is hot," thought he, "I will be quite a distance on my journey." He ate a couple of bananas, scooped up a few handfuls of water from the spring, stuck a few ears of corn in his hunting bag, took his stick in his hand and went forth. As he left his cave the thought struck him: "What if I could not find my cave again? How can I manage so that I can come back to it? I will go away in one direction and return the same way; but suppose I were to lose the way?"

Then he noticed his shadow pointing like a great finger from the sea toward the land. He could direct himself by that. He kept his shadow in front of him. He had noticed, too, that the wind always blew north of the point where the sun rose. This helped him. But sometimes the wind died down.

He had to climb over many rocks and pierce many thickets. At each step he saw a rich growth of plants, stems, leaves, flowers, but nothing to eat, no fruits, or nuts. At length he came to a tree as high as a small church steeple.

Then he thought of what his father had once said about the

trees in strange countries. "Many are as tall as a church steeple and the nuts are as big as one's head." He looked again. Yes, there they hung among the leaves, concealed high above in the crown! But *so* high, it was well that Robinson had learned to climb while on board the ship. He quickly laid down his hunting bag and clambered up the smooth stem of the high tree, a palm. He picked off a nut and threw it down and then several more, and climbed down again.

But the nuts were very hard. How should he open them? He had brought along his sharp stone with which he had stripped off the inner bark. With this he forced off the thick outer shell. But now came the hard nut within, and how hard it was! Striking it was of no use.

Then he threw a great stone on the nut. The shell was crushed and a snow-white kernel lay before him. It tasted like almond. With astonishment Robinson saw in the middle of the nut a large empty space which must have been filled with fluid as the inside was wet. He wished that he had the juice to drink, for he was very thirsty. With this in view, he examined another and riper nut, and the outside came off more easily. But how could he break it and at the same time save the juice? He studied the hull of the cocoanut on all sides. At the ends were three little hollows. He attempted first to bore in with his fingers, but he could not. "Hold!" he cried. "Maybe I can cut them there with the point of my stone knife." This was done without trouble and out of the hole flowed the sweet, white juice.

Robinson put a couple of nuts in his hunting bag, and also the shells from the broken nuts. "Now," he thought, "I shall no longer have to drink from my hand." With this thought he went on his way.

As Robinson came to a rock in his path, out jumped what Robinson took to be a rabbit. He ran after him to catch him, but the rabbit was much the swifter. So Robinson hastened home, but before he reached it the stars were shining with their lustrous light. Tired Robinson stretched his limbs on his bed of grass and leaves and slept soundly.

## XIV

# ROBINSON AS A HUNTER

All the time Robinson was confined to the cave he kept thinking about the rabbit he had seen and how he might catch one. Finally, he determined to make a spear. He broke down a thin, young sapling, stripped off its branches and in one end fastened a sharp stone. He then went to bed, for he wanted to be up early for his first hunting trip on the morrow.

With his hunting sack and spear, Robinson began to creep very, very cautiously through the underbrush. But he did not go far before he saw a lot of rabbits feeding peacefully on the soft leaves and grass. He drew back and threw his spear with all his might. But the spear did not reach the rabbits. It fell far short and the rabbits sprang up and ran quickly away. He tried it several times with the same result. Then Robinson, discouraged, turned back home and ate his corn, bananas, and cocoanuts without meat. In the meantime he found a new kind of food. He discovered a nest of eggs. How good they tasted to him!

But his longing for meat was still very great. "I will try to make a bow and arrow," he said. No sooner said than done. He bent a long piece of tough, young wood and stretched between the ends a cord twisted out of the fiber taken from the cocoanut shell. He then sought for a piece of wood for arrows. He split the

ends with his flint knife and fastened in splinters of stone. At the other end he fastened on some feathers found on the ground. The arrows flew through the air with great swiftness. "They will go far enough," thought Robinson, "if I could only hit anything."

He practised shooting. He stuck his stone knife in a tree and shot at it the whole day long. At first he could not hit it at all. The arrows flew far from the mark. After a while he could hit the tree, but not the knife. Then as he practised, his arm grew ever surer, until at last he could hit the knife at almost every attempt. After a few days he again went rabbit hunting. He thought that the rabbit did not offer a mark so high as his knife, so he stuck a stone in the ground and practised shooting at that. He gradually increased the distance until he could hit the mark at twenty or thirty yards.

The next morning Robinson took his bow and arrows and went out to hunt. He aimed at a rabbit, shot, and it fell, pierced by the arrow. His very first shot was successful.

He hastened up and took the dead rabbit on his shoulder, carried it to his cave and skinned it. Then he cut off a nice, large piece of meat and was going to roast it, but alas, he had no fire!

# XV

## ROBINSON'S SHOES AND PARASOL

The next morning Robinson could not get up. His feet were swollen and sore in consequence of walking without shoes over thorns and stones. He must remain the whole day in his cave.

Before him, in the sun, his walking stick stuck in the ground. He thought how he had been troubled yesterday to find his way and about the shadow. He had now time to study it. He watched it the whole day through. In the morning it pointed toward the land. In the evening toward the sea. This comes from the daily movement of the sun. He determined to study the matter more carefully.

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